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instinct of true patriotism with its full consequences, including universal military training.

Yet when all is said, though the author has expressed his whole nature and his best convictions throughout this book, his penetration and his intellectual contributions are best illustrated by a certain passage that he has written about the Bible:

"There are some people who do not read the Bible. These are, of all men, the most to be pitied. For that bundle of strange old Hebrew books, for all their grotesque, misleading theology, their frequent contradictions, their childish science, their doubtful history, their monstrous fables and miracles, their occasional passages of shocking immorality—for all these faults and errors, these strange Hebrew books do yet show the way of life, if we will but plant our feet discerningly upon their precepts. Their rules of conduct make the beaten highway of mankind."

Here is one of those minimal truths that men may live by, a truth carved out of old and intractable material, and now set forth with powerful eloquence, cleared of objections and perplexities. And throughout the book there are passages like this, deserving a praise that cannot be accorded to the whole as a statement of first principles or as a treatise upon education.

A PRISONER OF TROTZKY'S. By Andrew Kalpaschnikoff. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company.

One's general notion that Russia is the home of real-life melodrama appears to be justified by most that one reads about that country. It is, in fact, somewhat difficult at times to realize that Mr. Kalpaschnikoff's narrative is not simply lurid fiction. But the manifest sincerity and truthfulness of the author rapidly dispel any such illusion; though the fascination of reading about events of medieval strangeness and of becoming acquainted with new types of humanity, alternately theatrical and coarsely or finely human, remains. Moreover, the book is not merely a narrative of personal experience, but a cross-section of Bolshevik Russia as well. Better than any amount of general reflection, the author's prison life taught him what the Russian people really are like, and what the Russian revolution means.

Mr. Kalpaschnikoff was, in 1917, in the service of the American Red Cross as the assistant of Colonel Andersen, chairman of the mission to Roumania. An attempt on his part to secure the transportation of motor cars and other supplies to a point designated by the Mission, led to a charge that he was intriguing with the Cossacks with a view to turning over to these enemies of the Bolsheviks the materials in his possession. On this trumped-up accusation he was imprisoned in the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, a structure which, as a relic of medievalism, is interesting enough in itself to furnish an excuse for a book.

Mr. Kalpaschnikoff is not simply airing a grievance. At the same time that he is naturally desirous of justifying his own conduct, he is even more anxious to explain the truth about Russia. The whole policy of the Allies toward Russia, he believes, was fundamentally wrong. America did not give the moral aid which, if given in time,

might have done much to prevent anarchy. A conversation the author had with an old Russian soldier is illuminating on this point. Mr. Kalpaschnikoff was curious to know why the other attached so much importance to the presence of American troops on the Russian front. Didn't he know that it was difficult and even impossible for America to bring over any quantity of troops on account of the great distance?

"It is not quantity we want," was the reply. "Russia has more men than are needed for such a war, but we want to have among us a few American soldiers in body and soul, fighting shoulder to shoulder with us so that we may be able to tell the millions who discuss and will not obey to look at them and see how these 'Free Citizens' respect discipline and order. They would soon be ashamed, and, as they are so eager to act like real citizens, it is nearly certain that a few hundred Americans would, by their example, bring back discipline and force thousands to fight." Mr. Kalpaschnikoff seems to forget that we *did* send American soldiers to Russia.

Anarchy, and the shameful peace, were due, believes Mr. Kalpaschnikoff, far more to non-comprehension on the part of the Allies than to treachery on the part of Russia. Anarchy was inevitable after the break up of the old régime, unless Russia were effectively helped and advised. By their failure to grasp the situation the Allies transformed what was merely anarchy, coupled with a desire to escape from disorder by the nearest way, into a formidable political movement.

The author's general conclusions are impressive, for they are supported at every point by a true and impressive narrative. Bolshevism is not primarily a political theory, but a catastrophic tendency, that has swept into its channel all manner of men, willing and unwilling—those who are attached to the theory and those who hate it; those who understand what they want and those who do not. Its strength is in anarchy. Let the anarchy of affairs subside and the anarchy of thought will cease. It is the confusion of life consequent upon the breakdown of Russia in the war that has to some extent produced in the minds of a great but untaught people a false conception of life. But the Russians are not wedded to error: no perversity of mind brought their misfortunes upon them.

"I sincerely believe," declares Mr. Kalpaschnikoff, "that there never was in Russia a soldier or sailor of the Red Guard belonging to the Russian Orthodox Church, who would not be reasonable if you talked to him and appealed to his common sense and proved to him that many of his beliefs were based upon false statements." This saying touches the very root of the Russian problem.